Trope: Sex Pollen (Hannigram AU)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

When the USS Wolf Trap is ordered to investigate a communication failure with a Federation colony on Omicron Ceti III, they discover the local vegetation has bizarre properties. After skirting their feelings for too long, Captain Will Graham and the ship's half-Vulcan counselor Hannibal Lecter, are forced to deal with the effects the pollen has on the doctor. Neither of them were prepared to deal with their desires, much less the sudden onset of Pon Farr.

Notes

Very loosely based on the ST: TOS episode This Side of Paradise

My thanks to the utterly wonderful Llewcie for the beta <3

Chapter 1

“And how does that make you feel?”

Captain Will Graham of the USS Wolf Trap rolled his eyes before turning a bemused look on Doctor Hannibal Lecter, the ship’s counselor.

“How does it make you feel doctor?” He quipped back, only receiving a raised eyebrow and quizzical look from the half-Vulcan. Logical and observant, Lecter made a good therapist where people might scoff at the idea of a Vulcan in such a role. And yes, he masked his feelings as well as any full blooded Vulcan. Yet Will felt like he could sometimes see right through the man. If only the same were true in return. What Will would give to be truly seen by Hannibal Lecter.

Hannibal opened his mouth to respond but was cut off by the comms system.

“Bridge to Captain Graham. Sir, you wanted to know when we reached Omicron Ceti III. We are entering their solar system now.”

“I’ll be right there, Lounds. Graham out.” The comm line beeped and Will stood from his chair and stretched. “Thank you doctor, it was as enlightening as ever.” he teased, grinning at Lecter’s narrowed eyes. He called back “I shall see you same time next week.” as he exited the doctor’s office.

*

Captain’s Log:

We have arrived at the Federation colony on Omicron Ceti III.

Our mission here is unlikely to be pleasant. Federation scientists have discovered that the planet is bathed in Berthold Rays and has been subjected to a lethal form of radiation. Communications with the colony were recently lost, so we have to fear the worst. Our mission is to recover the deceased colonists and their equipment for return to Earth.

We can only hope their suffering was minimal.

Personal Log:

I continue, as requested by Admiral Crawford, to have unofficial counselling sessions with Doctor Lecter. Off the books for now. Jack thinks I need to deal with the continuing problems that my marginal empathic genes present. I think he's overreacting. Either way, the sessions have not become any easier with time.

Of course, that is less to do with my perceived instability and more to do with the fact that after months of his being on the ship, Hannibal Lecter is starting to drive me a little insane. Not that I can discuss this in a session of course. It would be entirely inappropriate, as captain, to admit that I had developed feelings for the infuriatingly Vulcan jerk. I would put it down to his being an omega, but we're both enlightened species. We're not slaves to these drives - the Vulcans certainly aren't - although it would be easier to dismiss it and move on if that were the case.

The whole situation has me feeling...

"Computer, erase last personal entry."

*

When they entered the transporter room, Will had feared the worst. He had only a basic understanding of the effects Berthold Radiation, but enough to know that this might not be a pretty sight. Communication had been out for a while. A long enough while for decomposition to be at a fairly gruesome stage. Added together, they might be in for a rough few days.

When he, Chief Science Office Katz and Chief Medical Officer Dr Du Maurier, materialised in the city however, they were more than a little shocked.

The streets were bustling, the colonists fit and healthy as they went about their daily lives. He shared a look of surprise with Katz, glancing over to read an expression of something near irritation on the doctor's face. This certainly was going to change their working day considerably. For the better of course, but a reassessment of the situation was required.

They were there only a minute or so when a man, nervously over-friendly in demeanor, stepped forward to greet them warmly.

"My name is Will Graham, Captain of the-"

"Captain. Welcome, welcome." He took hold of Will's hand before it was even offered, and shook it. There was enough Betazoid in Will from his great grandmother's genes, that he

easily picked up on the beta's considerable creep factor. But then, that wasn't unexpected for a beta in a high social position. "My name is Garrett Hobbs. It's wonderful to have you with us. A recent equipment failure has adversely affected our communication system. I wonder if it is something your engineers can take a look at?"

Will nodded. "Of course Mr Hobbs." The man shook his hand more enthusiastically, before Will finally extricated himself politely. "You must understand, our readings show this planet has been exposed to high levels of Berthold Radiation, we're surprised to see everyone so… well." He indicated Bedelia with a sweep of his hand - "If Dr Du Maurier could examine you all, we can hopefully understand better what is going on here, and ensure everyone's good health."

Hobbs agreed with a nod and a smile, before offering hospitality to all crew members, if the Captain would allow it.

*

Captain's Log:

During her examination of the colonists, Dr Du Maurier has found them all to be in excellent health. More than, in fact. Hobbs' Federation Medical Logs show that he had his appendix removed before he settled on Omicron Ceti III, but the good doctor has discovered that he has a perfectly healthy and intact appendix. Questioning Hobbs has proved pointless - he dismisses it as healthy living.

I have asked the away team to see what else they can discover about this situation. There is clearly something more going on here that meets the eye.

I have assigned an engineering team to deal with the communications issue. I am also sending a second away team to help Katz and Du Maurier. I have asked Doctor Lecter to join them, there is something not quite right - these colonists seems altogether a little too jolly. He may have interesting insights on the situation.

*

Hannibal Lecter took a deep, centering breath before stepping into the transporter room. He pushed down the strange, nervous anticipation he was experiencing at the thought of going down to the planet to join the captain. The same sensation he increasingly felt before their therapy sessions.

He wasn't ignorant to the fact that these were *feelings*; he was merely surprised that he had so much trouble controlling them. Despite his part human lineage, he'd had very little problem in the past with emotional suppression - at least since his troublesome teenage years.

Perfectly calm and composed from then until the day he stepped foot into Admiral Crawford's office. Until the day he met Captain Will Graham.

It was actually the Captain's scent that he encountered first. A moment before walking into the Admiral's office on Deep Space Station K7 to meet with them both regarding his official

reassignment to the Wolf Trap. It was rich, earthy… pleasant. He'd rarely paid any attention to the scent of humans before and that alone he could possibly ignore. But then they had sat and talked.

He had of course already accessed the Captain's personnel file, and during their conversation it ran through his mind. Each detail perfectly recalled and settled onto the alpha he was now meeting. A complete picture. And on paper, logically, they were perfectly matched. Superficiality, both were in some part multiracial. And in such a way as would have them often at odds with themselves. But more than that their interests and temperaments weaved against and away from each other in such a way as to complement and challenge. Were Will Graham a Vulcan he would have raised this there and then and in all likelihood a formal courtship would have begun. If only Will Graham were a Vulcan.

A wistful notion that he had to push down. Along with the distracting thought that, had Will Graham been a possible suitor during his last Pon Farr, he may well have mated rather than remaining unbonded as he was.

Of course, such a thought was inappropriate. The alpha was not only his captain but his patient - even if unofficially so...

In short order he was on a transporter pad with two engineers and some of the medical team, and then materialising on the planet. They were greeted by the Captain and Lieutenant Katz along with some of the local personnel who took immediate charge of the engineers.

“Hannibal.” The captain greeted him with a smile - one that he wondered was always a little too *warm*, even for a human. Hannibal returned the greeting with only a nod. “Let's put you to work. Some of the colonists have gathered in the meeting hall for medical observations with Bedelia; you could perhaps start assessing them there?”

Katz offered to show him the way, so he moved to her side with one last glance back at the captain.

And there was that smile again. *Why did humans smile so much anyway?* Hannibal nodded again, and then moved off with Katz. He was sure he understood the warmth in that smile. He wasn't blind to other people's emotions, but he would endeavour to seem such to the captain.

It was hard to miss the alpha’s increasing interest in him over the months, even though the captain had clearly attempted to be subtle. But he betrayed himself on occasion. Not just lingering looks or too friendly smiles - it was his scent. The subtle change that Hannibal’s sensitive nose picked up when they interacted - an antiquated signalling of interest. The way his gaze fell too long and too often on his neck. Completely unconscious responses that he was sure even the captain seemed unaware of.

He repressed his own responses every time. And it was harder every time to do so.

When they entered the meeting hall, Hannibal was struck by a familiar scent that he knew immediately was not one of his crewmates. Alpha, human. And yet it wasn’t until he saw the figure before him that he realised who the scent belonged to.

“Hannibal!” Anthony Dimmond greeted him as an old friend, clutching his shoulders and pulling him into a half embrace before moving back again. “Amazing! I can’t believe this!” The man’s joy was clear.

Hannibal found himself struggling to repress his own feelings at seeing the man. Apprehension, even anxiety. He recalled the Anthony of his youth - just as full of joy - eager, fascinated. When they had met in their late teens, Anthony spending a year studying on Vulcan, Hannibal had been unable to control his emotions and his human side as well as he could now. He had been attracted to the human alpha for nothing more than him being a human alpha. Their days had been filled with books and art, their nights with unbridled passion. What had been little more than childish exploration became more to the alpha, but Hannibal resisted his claiming. What friendship they might have had ended then with Anthony’s realisation that they would never be more.

It had been an awakening for Hannibal, but also a clarification. He had left Anthony behind - forgotten as he committed himself for several years to meditation and studying the teachings of Surak.

He knew only that the human had left and thought - in some ways hoped - they would never meet again. Hannibal wasn’t ashamed of their time together, but it was a time when he was out of control and he disliked dwelling on it. If anything he felt ashamed of his own behaviour towards the alpha - he liked to think he would have acted differently had he known better then how involved humans became.

And now the man stood before him and Hannibal had little idea of how to react.

“Anthony, I hope you are well.” He inclined his head a little. He caught the slight narrowing of Dimmond’s gaze, the momentary crease in his brow. Yes, Hannibal was no longer the teen that the alpha had known.

*

Hannibal knew he should deny the feeling, but he found he was secretly pleased with himself for avoiding Anthony for several hours, by busying himself in evaluations. Unfortunately, it could not last, given that Anthony was one of the colonists being studied. The medical team had already taken their readings and now the man sat patiently, smiling, as he waited for Hannibal to come talk with him.

He had not been surprised by the eager smile on Anthony’s face when he approached. Just as that he had worn earlier. But also similar to that which the other colonists wore. The Captain had been right that there seemed to be something a not quite right with them all. Something artificial, but not forced, in their demeanor and reactions.

“You’re a doctor now.” It wasn’t really a question, and not an unexpected assumption considering he was there with the medical team.

“Psychiatrist.” Hannibal replied, picking up the chart the med team had created for Anthony and discovering that, as with all the colonists so far, he had elevated endorphins.

Anthony chuckled. “An interesting choice of profession for you.”

Hannibal was unsure how to reply for a moment. “We… are neither the children we once were. With age comes tempering and wisdom.” He placed the chart back down and looked at Anthony. “Everyone here seems rather jubilant. The doctor suspects narcotics.”

He deliberately used a flippant tone, wondering if he could still bait Anthony in ways he once had. Beneath him, certainly, but manipulation was sometimes in the best interest of others.

“We aren’t supposed to tell anyone, but… for an old friend.” His smile was lascivious and Hannibal averted his gaze from the alpha, another conscious action of manipulation. “I could show you.”

A short stroll passed the edge of the town, placed them in a field that seemed a sort of wilderness.

The flowers were strange, almost alien to this environment amongst the more plain grasses, though clearly native. Hannibal knew enough from a private interest in botany, that the flower was dangerous - their strangeness an indication of this. And yet they were beautiful, as so many dangerous things were.

“The flowers. They…” Anthony shrugged, seemingly at a loss to explain, but his smile was wide and happy.

“Have your scientists studied them at all?” Hannibal asked, leaning curiously to inspect one. He was unsure how they factored into the situation they had discovered here - perhaps they were being processed into a narcotic as Doctor Du Maurier suspected? It certainly wouldn’t be the first time that colonists had been taken advantage of natural resources in unexpected ways.

Until he knew more he dare not pluck one. He straightened and started to reach for his communicator - he would let Katz know to bring her team. Before he had fully regained his upright position, several of the flowers moved - as though they were repositioning themselves in the rays of the sun.

“Fascinating…” Hannibal began. And then the closest flower to him unfurled it’s blossom slightly and injected the air with a thick pollen. Many of the spores landed on Hannibal even as he tried to avoid them. Some landed on his skin and for a moment there was a biting sting, and then it became a pleasant sensation - a tingle.

As the pain eased so did his mind. He felt light, cheerful. Suppressing his emotions no longer seemed to be important, no longer a required chore - because he didn’t need to. He felt them keenly, and he had never felt better.

*

Captain’s Log:

Speaking with Hobbs at length has not helped discover anything further about the situation in the colony. I can usually get a good sense of people, but something strange is going on here and I'm unsure whether he is being deliberately obstructive or he's completely high, because that doesn't seem that far from the realms of possibility.

He offered the crew shore leave so I have taken him up on it, with the crew under instruction to report back any and all observations. I don't think we're going to get straight out answers from anyone and we can't hang around here forever. It will only be a matter of time before the radiation reaches dangerous levels and that does not seem to be a cause for concern for the colonists.

*

Hannibal wasn't sure what he had been saying - babbling. About happiness. About love.

Love.

He felt an ache in his chest that he had been denying himself. His mind filled with memories of Will Graham built in the several long months they'd known each other: their therapy sessions; dining together; random conversations in passing… the previous month when they had been docked for repairs and Will had insisted on his company on a fishing trip.

He had never been blind to emotions, but now he viewed each experience with the captain through a new lens. He knew that human alphas had not just a tradition of courting omegas but an undeniable instinct to do so if they invested emotionally.

Realisation made, his mind was filled with *alpha, alpha, alpha*

And then there was a mouth on his and he was devouring it hungrily. A moment passed and he felt hardness pressed to his thigh and heard a familiar moan that took him back decades.

Anthony.

"Stop." Hannibal pushed the alpha back. It felt so good he'd wanted to continue - given their history it had to be the pollen driving this. He knew he had to fight it. A greater joy and satisfaction awaited him with a different alpha.

"You don't need to fight this anymore my darling." Anthony breathed the words against his neck and Hannibal shuddered. He had an understanding of the elated, carefree mood the colonists had - everything seemed so beyond worry. And yet, he found he couldn't give himself over to Dimmond.

It wasn't just because of Dimmond that he was reminded of his teenage years. They had felt something like this - the swirl of emotions he was ill equipped to handle, driving him into ever more worrisome situations. If Anthony believed he could reignite the passion they had experienced back then, he was wrong. Hannibal still had that much control at least.

Wordlessly, he shrugged Anthony off him, leaving behind a confused looking alpha as he set a steady pace back into the centre of the town.

*

“Will!” Will turned at the unfamiliar mention of his name by a familiar voice. He was sure Hannibal had never called him by his first name before, even off duty and with prompting. That might have been a clue something was wrong, but it wasn’t required - as the grinning Vulcan strode towards him, it was clear there was a problem.

“Hannibal? Are you feeling ok?” He expected Hannibal to stop once he reached him, but instead he kept coming, nodding that he was fine as he crowded into the captain and pressed against him. Will pulled back at the shock of it but Hannibal came with him, his hard cock digging into Will’s hip.

“Alpha…” he breathed out the word and looked hungrily at Will. In any other circumstances Will might have been turned on. But, stood in the centre of the town square, surrounded by locals and crew who were watching the situation unfold with curiosity, he was far from titillated.

“Hannibal, what’s gotten into you?” Will managed to extricate himself and hold Hannibal at arm’s length.

“There is a local pollen that has something like narcotic properties. But… Whatever the cause Captain, it has opened my eyes. I can see now how much you love me and I needed to let you know that I return that love.” Hannibal struggled to try and get closer to him as Will felt his cheeks heat with a warm blush.

“Hannibal I…”

“Ok, kids, let’s grab some breathing apparatus and get to finding these flowers. I need pollen samples.” Bev Katz drew the attention of the crew and then shot Will a sympathetic look. “Are you still going back to the ship Captain?”

Will nodded. “Yes I…” He struggled again for a moment with Hannibal. “I think I better get doctor Lecter to sickbay. If you can try and get to the bottom of this as soon as possible, I’d be extremely grateful!”

He received only a curt nod as Bev signalled for the crew to follow her. That was a bad sign. He couldn’t remember the last time he had given Katz an order and wasn’t met with resistance, banter or both. They had been friends since the Academy and that was how they worked together - except for the most dire occasions, of which this apparently was now one.

Will couldn’t reach his communicator without letting go of Hannibal, so he had to accept the persistent omega nuzzling into him as he grabbed and flipped open his device and called the ship.

“Zeller, two to...”

He was cut off by the arrival of an angry looking local.

“Stop! Unhand my omega.” The alpha practically growled.

“Please Anthony. Don’t. I… He is going to be my mate, you must accept that.” Hannibal was kind but firm, he sounded almost normal other than the content of the actual words and the way one of his hands was lightly playing in the hair at the base of Will’s neck.

“Alphas won't share an omega... do you think it’s that kind of party?” The alpha seemed almost amused as he continued to advance.

Hannibal snatched the communicator from Will’s hand.

“Transporter room, two to beam up.” He grinned at Will, which was slightly unsettling, and managed to say just before their matter was broken down “then we can finally be alone.”

*

They materialised back on the ship and were suddenly apart - Hannibal had moved away and straightened up, leaving Will feeling strangely bereft. Hannibal stood on the platform, stoic and calm, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened on the planet.

“Uh… I think we should get you to sickbay.” Will’s words were a little tentative given the abrupt change back to normality.

“Not necessary, I assure you captain. Though, if it would make you feel any better, please do feel free to accompany me to my quarters to ensure I arrive there safely - I am feeling rather drained.” Hannibal seemed completely normal.

“I don’t know Hannibal, you were pretty… uh, out of it. I think someone should check you over.” Will pressed.

“Captain, currently over half of the medical staff are on the planet, and I think I could benefit from a rest more than anything. I promise I will go to see Doctor Du Maurier as soon as she returns.” He had that no nonsense tone that Will actually found pretty alluring. He did have a thing for omegas who didn’t take any shit. It was one of the things that had immediately attracted him to Hannibal. That and the way they fit together so well in so many ways. If humans hadn’t moved beyond the complete loss of control to their ruts and heats centuries before, he may well have claimed Hannibal by now.

“Fine.” Will threw up his hands and stepped off the transporter pad, unable to ignore his concern.

Hannibal went to follow but stumbled a little, Will reached out and grabbed his arm to steady him.

“An escort would be appreciated though, Captain.” Hannibal requested. Will gave a curt nod and offered a steadying arm, which the omega took.

The short walk to Hannibal’s quarters was almost silent and Hannibal seemed to be in quite a bit of discomfort. Will thought about steering him on to sickbay but they had already had that conversation and he knew it wouldn’t be appreciated.

Hannibal pressed the button and his door opened, Will relinquished hold of him so that the omega could step inside.

“Ok, then, well… I want you to see the doctor as soon as she’s available. And I’d appreciate you meeting with me when you’re feeling up to it to discuss what happened on the planet - clearly there was some-”

Will’s words were cut short as he was bodily pulled into the Vulcan’s quarters - the door smoothly sliding shut behind him.

“We can discuss it now captain… now that we are finally alone.” Hannibal’s voice was a smooth drawl as he pulled Will to him, hands bunched in the captain’s shirt.

Hannibal’s mouth was suddenly on his and despite the immediate thought that he should pull away, Will didn’t. How long had he imagined kissing the doctor like this? Since first seeing the omega in Crawford’s office? Since scenting him and feeling a pull deep within him that he had never experienced before? He opened to the Vulcan which drew forth a moan before Hannibal deepened the kiss.

“I need you Will.” Hannibal’s voice was raspy as he pulled back but pressed his hips forward - arousal evident, though it already had been from the cloyingly sweet smell of slick filling the small room. “Knot me, claim me...make me yours.” He breathed out the words and leaned in to run his nose over the alpha’s scent gland at his neck.

Will moaned and let his head drop back. He could think of nothing he wanted more than to claim the omega. But he couldn’t… there was something going on here and he knew he would be taking advantage.

Hannibal’s hands went to the fastenings of his waist band, and Will reacted immediately. Too far, too much, this had to stop. He stilled the omega’s hands and raised them to his mouth, kissing them tenderly. “Stop Hannibal, I can’t. We can’t do this.”

Hannibal whimpered and tried to pull his hands free. “But… I need you. I love you.”

Will felt his chest swell at the confession despite knowing it was likely just the pollen talking. Even so, he found himself responding -

“I love you too. That’s why we can’t do this.”

*

Captain’s Log:

I have been back on the ship almost four hours. In that time, the situation has escalated in a way that none of us could have predicted.

I found it necessary to call a security detail and medical team to the quarters of Doctor Lecter in order to have him taken to sickbay for treatment.

On the planet, news is both bad and good. Katz has managed to find the strange pollen that seems to be causing the unnatural mood in the colonists and our own Doctor Lecter. In fact more than that - it appears Dimmond, an angry colonist, has deliberately exposed members of the crew to the pollen. Made worse by the fact that a large number of the crew are on the surface.

Katz and Du Maurier are working on the situation on the ground and hope to be able to develop some sort of antidote.

This is so very far from the situation I thought we were heading into.

Personal Log:

Is this the effect of this poison? Maybe I'm a coward, but part of me is terrified of finding out the answer.

Is Hannibal in love with me?

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal shook his head and clutched at Will's arms, proving again his superior strength. "This fever, it is the Pon Farr, which drives us to mate. We don't…" Hannibal seemed to struggle to find the words. "We don't speak of it with off-worlders… When we learned to suppress our emotions, it had the effect of suppressing our mating cycles. Our heats and ruts reduced to every seven years. But it has consequences - if we do not mate in that time with someone to whom we are empathically bonded we… we will die."
>
> DUN DUN DUUUUUUUHHHHH!!

Will greeted Bev in the transporter room.

"Damn, Captain you look like shit."

"Good to see you too Katz." He replied as he broke into a yawn, noting that she didn't look much better. He wasn't sure when he last slept. "Just you." Resignation rather than a question.

She nodded. On the planet the pollen's effects had spread like wildfire as those infected sought to infect others. To share the good feeling, apparently. The last Will had heard, Katz and her team were the only remaining uninfected. They were going to collect some whole samples and return to the ship. That had been an hour earlier. And now here was a lone Katz with a crate of samples.

"Well… I better help you in the lab I guess." Will shrugged.

For a moment she looked like she might grin and brush him off, but must have realised the predicament and just gave him a curt nod instead.

They were about to leave when the comm sounded - one to beam up.

*

Captain's Log:

The remaining skeleton crew have been infected. Lounds returned from the planet spinning a story about how she escaped the pollen infection. This turned out to be a ruse. In little over two hours she managed to infect the remaining crew and sabotage the comms unit. We are now completely cut off from Starfleet.

Katz and I, sealed in the lab, appear to be the only crew left uninfected. The remainder staged what I can only describe as a peaceful mutiny, and then abandoned ship.

We can only continue in the hopes of finding an antidote.

Personal Log:

I have no idea of Hannibal's fate. The last I heard from sickbay they decided to confine him to quarters, as there was nothing they could do other than sedate him and they needed to prepare the infirmary for potential incoming patients with radiation poisoning as per our original mission. He may still be in his quarters, or he could have been taken down to the planet. Perhaps he has reunited with the alpha there who appeared to be more obliging than I.

I think we've passed the need for propriety and so I have to admit - though as captain I am responsible for and to the crew - I care about Hannibal's fate above all the others.

Beyond the effects of this pollen, the radiation levels are still a threat. We are cut off. There are numerous concerns I should have, but my thoughts return only to Hannibal.

*

He overbalanced. Tired, clumsy.

"No!" Anguish carried in so small a word as Will looked down at his arm. He already knew the pollen had touched against his skin because of the strange sensation he could feel as though it seeped into every nerve and muscle.

"Will! Shit!" Katz was looking between him and the flower he had been retrieving from the storage container Katz had brought from the planet. She looked so worried and yet his own concern was slipping away.

"It's ok Bev; I feel fine." he smiled at her but her returned expression was grim.

"You always were a liability in the lab, Graham. Clumsy shit, what were you even… ugh, never mind." She punched the emergency response button and it sealed the part of the lab he was in. There was no way out for him. And for a short while that didn't bother him at all...

Twenty minutes later he was throwing himself against the security wall and cursing Katz.

"You need to calm down, Captain."

Will practically snarled at her in reply.

At first he had felt fine - happy, light. He couldn't understand why there was so much fuss about the pollen. This was great, he couldn't wait to join the crew and… his thoughts went to Hannibal.

Had he gone down to the planet? Was another alpha claiming him that very moment? He felt a rage build inside that he had never felt before. Were he in his right mind he might have

recognised it as the sort of behaviour exhibited by alphas a century or two earlier. As it was, the possessive need filled him and all he could think of was finding Hannibal - claiming him, knotting him, bonding with him.

He wanted to find the other alpha and tear out his throat, let blood flow hot and wet over his skin and present himself to Hannibal as the successful suitor.

He needed to get out of the lab.

He smashed his fists against the wall.

*

The fog lifted and Will could feel a hand on his forehead. Cool and comforting. He realised he was sat against a wall, slumped really.

“Will? You're OK Will.” It was Bev. He opened his eyes, not realising they had been closed.

“What happened?” His throat felt raw. He studied Katz, crouched next to him.

“You threw the biggest shit fit I've ever seen in my life. Like, full on primitive alpha. Then you sort of, dramatically clutched your chest and passed out.” She showed him the tricorder she was holding “No elevated endorphins. That's what we found in the colonists. Yours are back to normal now. The effects of the pollen appear to have been completely neutralised.”

“That's… fucking nuts.” Will found himself saying - too exhausted not to say the first thing in his head.

Bev shrugged with a smile. “Hey, blame the pollen not the science. Either way, I think this gives us a solution.”

Will managed to sit forward with a wince, every muscle ached. “And that is?”

“Well… possibly a long shot. I mean, I'm just spitballing a theory here because I don't have the time or staff to really work this shit out. But… we know the pollen gives people a kind of high.”

“Yeah.” Will nodded in confirmation. “I felt great, at first. Carefree, light.”

Bev nodded too. “Ok so let's say that it triggers positive emotions. What if negative or violent emotions negate it? Again, it's a theory. Barely even that but-”

“It's all we have.” Will agreed with a sigh. “So… what do we do with that information?”

“That's a great question, sir.”

*

Will knew this was a bad idea.

He was exhausted; perhaps that and the overwhelming events of the day were affecting his judgement. Crawford had always believed he was unstable - that the empathic genes he carried would bring out latent and dangerous alpha tendencies. He wasn't sure if his reaction to the pollen had proved or disproved that argument. Was it the alpha acting now or the man?

Maybe he was just tired. He and Katz had spent hours coming up with a way to actually use her theory to cure people. It was Bev who happened to mention the comms and then it all came together. She'd insisted he go rest whilst she fixed the comm and set up a subsonic broadcast that should have the same effect. They were just hoping it didn't turn the crew into feral beasts as a result. He was at least thankful over 50% of them were identified as beta.

But… he didn't go rest. He checked the computer and found that there were in fact three of them on the ship. Katz, himself and Doctor Lecter - still confined to quarters.

His memory kept flashing back to their encounter as well as what he had felt himself under the influence of the pollen. How out of control. Perhaps it was his empathy or perhaps love - if he dared think that - that made him want to cure Hannibal. He knew he couldn't deny that part of him needed to know whether Hannibal really did love him or whether it had been the pollen speaking.

He stood outside Hannibal's quarters and took several deep breaths before punching in the security code and letting the door slide open. The room was almost dark, but the light of the corridor illuminated a figure huddled on the bed, shaking.

His head jerked up, clearly at Will's scent. Will was suddenly unsure if he could do this. If he could induce such anger in the Vulcan as to cure him, did he want to?

Did he really want to goad anyone to anger much less someone he cared for? He had to keep reminding himself that it would be for the best in the long term, which didn't quite make it easier.

I told him I love him. Will let himself consider that for the first time since it had happened. He had no idea whether Hannibal had taken it in, whether he had even heard him. He wanted to believe Hannibal had meant his words but even having been under the same influence and how primitive it had made him feel, Will was unsure.

"Alpha…" the word was breathed out almost on a whine and it pulled something tight within Will.

Will stepped in and let the door close, leaving only the soft glow of Vulcan devotional candles on a side table.

Will cleared his throat as Hannibal rose. He was wearing traditional Vulcan robes, which he allowed to fall open as he walked - revealing naked flesh beneath. Will's breath hitched at the sight but he urged himself on, trying not to let his eyes be drawn to the omega's hard cock - more Vulcan than human - the slit further forward than a human and a greenish hue to the swollen head.

“Hannibal, stop.” his tone was commanding and he put up a hand to deny the omega’s oncoming approach. It worked; Hannibal halted and stood with a confused and impatient gaze. Will had to stop the shudder running through him at the obedience of the omega.

He cleared his throat again and tried to focus on the words he knew he had to say, not on the faintly sweet scent and naked omega.

“I don't want you Hannibal. You… aren't worthy of being my omega. I should send you down to the planet, if that other alpha still wants you.”

Hannibal’s expression turned from curious to confused. “You said… you said you love me.”

The stab of hurt through Will was excruciating. He tried not to let it show, setting his face into a frown instead. Forcing a look of disgust. “I would have said anything to keep you from touching me.”

Confusion gave way to sadness and Will inwardly cursed himself. Not only did he not want to do this, he wasn't even getting the reaction he needed. He racked his brains for something the omega would get angry about. Vulcan’s might claim to have repressed their emotions, but some of them were the most prideful creatures he'd ever met. Not so much Hannibal but… he remembered the look on Hannibal’s face every time he had cooked for Will and sometimes the senior staff too. Extravagant dishes which were more than just about enjoyment, they were art, and a challenge in which there was a pride in delivering on.

Will drew in a deep breath. “How could I want an omega who cannot even cook well?” this wasn't the 20th century, it wasn't as if Will really anticipated an omega behaving in a traditional way, but the sting to Hannibal’s pride was immediately clear regardless.

“I…” Hannibal’s eyes narrowed on him, hurt replaced by fury. “how dare you!”

Will realised what a mistake this might be when Hannibal - robe billowing - launched himself at the alpha, as Will had previously launched himself at a wall. They crashed hard to the ground, into near darkness as they left then reach of the candle light. Hannibal’s hands were around his throat. If Will had wanted to goad him further or beg him to stop, he was unable.

He clutched at Hannibal's arms, where the robe now pooled, leaving the rest of him exposed. Everything felt raw.

If he kills me, he won't be able to live with himself.

Will pushed up, his strength useless against the superior musculature of the half-Vulcan, but enough to unsteady him. He did it again, throwing Hannibal's balance enough that his grip loosened a little. This angered the omega more and he practically roared -

And then went silent.

He was shaking and panting over Will, his expression now one of anguish. He looked down at the alpha, eyes swirling dark pools of emotion in the candlelight, before they were lost to the darkness as he collapsed onto him.

*

Hannibal wasn't sure how long he lay on top of the captain. Once the shaking and tears subsided, with Will's arms pulled up around him and his voice soothing him, he slept.

When he woke and realised where he was, he pulled back, his robe almost lost completely. He scrambled to pull it back on as he moved off the captain.

"Hannibal, it's ok." the captain reached out to touch him but he shied back again, raw and confused.

"What happened?" his voice shook as he asked the question.

"You were infected by pollen from the planet, Katz and I found that anger counteracts the effects. So… I made you angry. I… I'm sorry I had to do that." Will seemed contrite but more than that - the same *more than* that his smile always held.

Hannibal remembered the pollen, remembered how it felt. Remembered everything. He just hadn't understood why Will had said those things.

Now he understood. The captain made him angry to cure him. Logical.

And yet it… hurt. That the things were said, that Will might mean them. That he was no longer in Will's arms. But that had been his fault - he had pulled away. His mind reeled through it all and he felt frustrated at his inability to immediately regain composure.

"Captain, I'd like to be alone for a moment. Perhaps I can assist you and Commander Katz once I have freshened up and put on a clean uniform." He pulled the robe tighter around him, suddenly very aware of his nudity and the scent of his own slick. Apparently the captain was too because he looked awkward and apologetic as he scrambled to his feet.

"Of course. I… Yes of course." The captain exited his quarters and Hannibal let himself exhale. He slumped against the bed, exhausted. A sensation pooled in his gut that he hadn't felt in five years. That he had expected to experience for another two years. Perhaps he was mistaken? Perhaps a side effect of the pollen?

It wasn't time. So far from home, so ill-prepared. It wasn't time for his Pon Farr

*

Will stood in the corridor outside Hannibal's quarters, trying to gather himself back together.

When Hannibal had revived from the effects of the pollen and fallen asleep in his arms he… he didn't know what he to expect. This didn't change anything did it? Because, he had to face the truth; they both knew how the other felt. That had to be true. Before this, before the pollen, they both knew and had not acted on it for their own and possibly the same reasons. That wasn't going to change.

He took in a shaky breath and was about to head back to the lab when he heard a cry and smashing from Hannibal's quarters.He didn't hesitate in opening the door again, fearing the

worst.

Before him Hannibal stood practically feral, but in a way different from the effects of the pollen. What had happened? Was this Will's fault for goading him as he did?

"Captain, please…" Hannibal rasped and reached out to him.

"Hannibal, what the...? The pollen…"

Hannibal clung to him and shook his head.

"I need you." Hannibal's voice was shaking. "Pon Farr…"

Will found himself being pulled into Hannibal's quarters once more, the door sliding shut and leaving them again in the near dark.

"I thought you wanted to be alone… I…" Will could not read Hannibal's expression, it looked like he was losing a fight to suppress his emotions, but which played across his features at any given moment was hard to say. "Should we get you to sickbay?"

"No!" The word was forceful, aggressive.

Will was slightly taken aback but Hannibal's hands eased on him, his grip loosening as though a bout of pain were passing.

"Did you mean… did you mean it?" Hannibal forced the words out. "When you said you loved me?"

Will felt a shiver over his skin, all the hairs stood up on end and his chest ached. Hadn't he already admitted that this entire situation had passed the boundaries of propriety? What harm was there in admitting the truth?

Even so, he hesitated for a moment, finding it hard to force the words he had stopped himself uttering so many times, despite his previous confession.

"I need… need to know Will." Hannibal's words were a plea. "Every seven years Vulcan adults develop a blood fever… I don't know why it has… maybe the pollen? It wasn't due yet. I've had no time to plan or prepare."

"Fever?" Will put a hand to Hannibal's forehead and felt the burn, felt the Vulcan lean into it, chasing the coolness of his skin. "I need to get you to sickbay…"

Hannibal shook his head and clutched at Will's arms, proving again his superior strength. "This fever, it is the Pon Farr, which drives us to mate. We don't…" Hannibal seemed to struggle to find the words. "We don't speak of it with off-worlders… When we learned to suppress our emotions, it had the effect of suppressing our mating cycles. Our heats and ruts reduced to every seven years. But it has consequences - if we do not mate in that time with someone to whom we are empathically bonded we… we will die."

Will might have thought this was crazy if not for the fact that Hannibal wasn't prone to this particular sort of dramatising, and he was clearly in pain. Looking with a new understanding, Will saw exactly what Hannibal had explained. He did look like he was going into heat - times ten! He couldn't imagine a human going through this.

"Do you love me Will?" Hannibal demanded, almost doubling over in pain and drawing Will from his thoughts. "Do you feel this connection we have? Do you… want to claim me?" the strength in his voice trailed to tentativeness.

Will looked into Hannibal's eyes. There was desperation there, yes, but not for a fix, not for anyone - just for Will. Empathic connection? He knew Vulcans had some telepathic abilities, but perhaps it did go some way to explain the connection that he did indeed feel. Because he was looking in Hannibal's eyes and knew an absolute truth - if they didn't mate Hannibal would die, and if Will didn't want him, Hannibal would let that fate happen rather than use anyone else.

In response Will took Hannibal's mouth. The kiss was less chaste and tentative than their first. It was deep, Hannibal immediately opening to him.

The faintly sweet scent of slick that had been in the air around Hannibal since he had been infected with the pollen grew richer. It wasn't the same as a human omega - where they were cloyingly sweet like honey, Hannibal's scent - more obvious now - was a fresh sweetness like oranges and limes. It was the most enticing scent he had ever experienced and everything within him told him to make it his - to claim the omega.

He pulled back from the almost stifling kiss, to catch his breath. "Yes… I love you Hannibal."

Hannibal was on him again then, insatiable almost as he let the robe drop further down his arms before he shrugged it off, and wrapped his arms around Will's neck. After a minute he broke the kiss and pressed his lips to Will's ear.

"I need you alpha. I need you to knot me and bite me… because… not because I need someone, but because I need you." the words were barely more than a whisper but Will felt them run deep within him.

He growled in a low rumble as he took Hannibal's mouth again in a hungry kiss, even as he pushed their bodies apart so that he could start removing his clothes.

He managed some of the fastenings before he lost some of his control to a rut for the first time in his life. It had never been like this before, but he was unable to dwell on that as fabric tore and he all but ripped his clothes the rest of the way off. There was a moan from Hannibal at the sound of the ripping.

It reminded Will of the primitive alpha thoughts he'd had under the influence of the pollen - that's all they were, nothing he would act on in his right mind, and yet...

His shirt shredded, his trousers pooled at his ankles as he broke the kiss and turned Hannibal roughly, so that he was almost doubled over his bunk. Pressing his heavy cock to the crease

of the omega's slick ass he nuzzled Hannibal's neck before growling into his ear -

"When I thought you were with the alpha from the planet, I wanted to kill him." he pulled back enough to nudge Hannibal's legs apart - the Vulcan obliging with another moan as his head dropped forward. He lined up his cock, pressing into the slick heat in one thrust. "I would have killed him for you. And I think I might have liked it."

Hannibal let out a long groan and pushed his hips back. "Alpha…" The word was carried on a purr, unlike anything he had known in a human omega. "I need you to… hhaa…" his words were lost as Will pulled back and thrust again. "... claim me, I need… please…"

Will growled as he drew back and thrust in, moving to cover Hannibal - pressing his chest to Hannibal's back and down to the bunk. His thrusts were slow but hard and deep. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal's chest, enjoying the sensation of threading his fingers into rough chest hair. One hand strayed away, finding its way to Hannibal's hip and gripping him there, tight enough to bruise, before he set a punishing pace. Even so, Hannibal met each thrust with his hips and with his moans.

"I've wanted this for so long…" Will found himself admitting as he pressed his lips to the side of Hannibal's neck. He took in the scent there - sweet but citric fresh.

Thoughts about the appropriateness of going from only just admitting they had an interest in each other to bonding ran through his mind. Briefly. Fleetingly. Moments before he realised he didn't care - this was right, this was meant for them. And he sank his teeth into Hannibal's neck as he started to push his knot inside the omega.

The taste of coppery blood on Will's tongue sent a primal lust through him and he tried to snap his hips once more but was unable to pull back enough with his knot now partially inside Hannibal and starting to swell. He groaned at the sensation of it, and then his breath hitched as the sensation changed. He exhaled over the bite mark, before his breath caught again. He pushed in again, completely flush to Hannibal, who cried out and came as Will's knot filled him.

And it felt like the world was turned on end.

"What…" Will tried to make sense of what he was feeling. It wasn't uncomfortable or unpleasant, just… overwhelming. He groaned again and then came harder than he ever had in his life.

He knew the Vulcans were secretive, he knew anatomically they differed in ways he was likely unaware of. He hadn't expected the sensation of Hannibal locking around him, trapping his knot before it had even fully swelled. He could feel roughness against his knot, but again it wasn't unpleasant. The way it held him even tighter inside Hannibal than just his swollen knot would have accomplished was… divine.

Unable to form words he let out a low growl as he collapsed over Hannibal, both panting and trying to regain their breath.

“I… Anatomically, my Vulcan genes are superior in many ways over my human ones…” Hannibal started tentatively. Still locked together, blissfully so as far as Will was concerned, the alpha wrapped his arms around Hannibal and rested against him as he spoke. “Vulcan omegas, we have an internal… there’s no word for it in any Earth language. It’s… I have to describe it as a reverse knot. Evolution ensured that alphas could not desert omegas in the throes of Pon Farr, by trapping them. It should… We will be joined for a while. Perhaps I should have explained before-”

Will, whose whole body was tingling from this unexpected and never before experienced feeling of total ecstasy, cut him off with a chuckle. “Hannibal, do you always talk this much after sex?”

“I… I was simply…” Hannibal stumbled over his words and shifted a little.

Will held him still in his arms and shushed him, pulling them back and turning them so that he could sit on the bunk, taking Hannibal with him until he had them spooned on the hard mattress.

He moved a hand up to Hannibal’s neck, stroking fingers softly over the green tinged bite mark that had already stopped bleeding. “You’re perfect Hannibal. Just perfect.”

*

Hannibal felt light.

Unlike other times in his life when he’d have to endure his Pon Farr back on Vulcan, this one would abate soon enough now that he had been bonded.

His emotions would come back under control again as the Pon Farr passed, barring any lasting effects from the pollen. But that didn’t change how he felt about Will Graham. Love wasn’t something alien to Vulcan’s and certainly not to his human side - it was just expressed differently.

He turned in the Captain’s arms, rolling onto his back and disturbing the light sleep the alpha had fallen into after they had come unstuck from each other. Will stirred and looked at him, a sleepy smile easing across his features. Hannibal tried his best to reflect it and managed enough for Will’s smile to grow wider.

He sighed and let his smile drop. “Captain, you… do understand that it won’t always be like this? I won’t always be like this? Once I’m…” he trailed off at the alpha’s chuckling.

Will ran a hand from where it rested on Hannibal’s chest to his little paunch of a belly, rubbing absentmindedly. “Hannibal, I think, when we’re in private, you should call me Will. Also… we’re not strangers. We’ve been friends for months, I know who you are. I know this is… I know how you normally are, and I don’t expect you to be anything else.”

“I feel like I’ve mislead you, trapped you.” Hannibal muttered, feeling it keenly. Had it not been for the pollen and the Pon Farr he would have been in his right mind, and yet… he knew he was in love with Will Graham and nothing would change that.

“No, Hannibal.” Will played his fingers lazily over the omega’s skin. “You didn’t mislead me. And as the senior officer here, if anything I should have put a stop to this.” Hannibal went rigid at the idea of there being a stop, an end to this. Will must have felt his reaction because he continued - “but that doesn’t matter now. I will clear this up with Starfleet, it's not like we're the only crewmates that have ever fraternised. The worst they can do is put us on different ships, but I doubt Crawford will allow that now we're bonded. Your being Vulcan will likely work in our favour - they will expect you to remain level headed and logical even serving alongside your mate.” Will chuckled.

“Mate…” Hannibal tasted the word quietly and enjoyed how it fit in his mouth.
“Oh… I do love this…” Will’s words were directed at his belly, before he moved and placed tenderly a kiss on it. “You’re so beautiful, I couldn’t have even imagined.”

Hannibal’s smile was instant and unbidden, he let his own hand fall to Will’s hair, playing through the curls as the alpha laced kisses across his abdomen.

“I wonder how many more months or years we would have tiptoed around this had all this pollen craziness not happened.” Will muttered the words against Hannibal’s skin.

Hannibal hummed, his eyes closed as he enjoyed the feeling of Will’s mouth and fingers. He wondered the same for a moment and worried that it might have been never, but thankful that it was no longer a concern. The moment of worry seemed to have passed over both of them because then Will was shifting lower, his mouth trailing down and lingering over his flesh until he could feel the alpha’s breath, panting against his stirring cock. His own breath hitched in anticipation and-

-then the comms beeped.

“Katz to Graham. I have comms fixed captain. No thanks to you, by the way.” she huffed. “I’ve sent an update to Starfleet and I’ve set up the subsonic signal - I just need to press the button and hopefully the crew and colonists will come to their senses. I’m pretty confident… Captain? Captain?”

His mouth nuzzled along the side of Hannibal’s cock as it began to fill.

“Shall I just go ahead and do that then, *sir*?” the last word was spat out with sarcasm. “Ok, well. I’ll just go ahead and do that then.” She sighed again.

Will’s hand moved down between Hannibal’s legs, fingers slowly circling in the slick gathering there. Hannibal bit back a moan.

“Don’t worry Captain, all under control.” Katz sounded incredibly annoyed.

Just as Hannibal thought Will was about to take his cock into his mouth, the alpha moved back - sitting enough to press the comms reciever on the wall.

“You’re doing a great job, Katz. I’m going to put you in for a commendation. Graham, out.”

Will dropped back down and then his mouth was on him and Hannibal's mind went blank. He gave himself over to the bliss and wondered that at future times like this, pon farr or no, he might just find it hard to control his emotions as a good Vulcan should.

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